

Good Morning 122

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Here's to Remind you of
**ALL THE
FUN OF
THE FAIR!**

"**LARGEST** rat in the world. Three feet from tip to tail. Caught in a coal mine. Weighs . . ."

"There's another Largest Rat over there," a small boy interrupts. "Run away, kid," says the showman. "Largest rat in the world," weighs half a hundredweight. Walk up and . . ."

"There's another Largest Rat. . ."

But what does it matter how many largest rats there are?

It is the famous Mitcham Fair, and it marks the climax of the outdoor show season. On village green and city showground fellows on leave are thronging to enjoy the fun of the fair before the colourful cavalcade and sideshows vanish into winter obscurity.

Towards the end of October many of the show outfits retreat in force to their great winter quarters at Islington. Many others will spend the lean months on plots of land in the country, rented or owned by showmen-proprietors. There, with their van-homes parked end to end, they will live in solitary inactivity until Spring.

Mitcham Fair (London) was in its heyday when Elizabeth was Queen. Leeds Fair is older still; it received its charter from King John in 1208. Those at Cambridge, Hull, Congleton and Nottingham are all of ancient lineage.

Newcastle's is not only one of the oldest, but is the largest in the world. It is officially opened by the Lord Mayor, with Sheriffs, Town Clerk, Mace and Sword-bearers in attendance in full dress.

Windsor had a brand-new fair this year. It was the first ever to be held in Windsor Home Park, by special permission of the King, in connection with Windsor's Holidays-at-Home programme.

A RICH BUSINESS.

Despite its gipsy, devil-may-care atmosphere, the show trade is really a wealthy, a huge, marvellously well organised business.

Back of its noisy glamour is some £15,000,000 capital, employing normally 100,000 people. Spread over the fair-grounds is rolling stock valued at well over a million pounds.

A traction engine to convey the vans from place to place may alone cost up to £2,000. A roundabout with its engines may account for another £8,000. The switchback, topsy-turvy or scenic railway which is the big draw of the larger fairs may be worth £15,000 or more.

Four thousand pounds is sometimes paid for three days' rental of a good pitch in a populous district.

Profits? Colossal, in some cases. A season's takings by a big showman may reach £60,000. And that's not hard to believe when you view the

incessant whirlpool of cheerful contributors.

Yet a travelling fair used to be a precarious business. Showmen seldom made more than a bare living. Competition was keen. Now everything is controlled by the Showmen's Guild, the most exclusive trade union in the world.

Hardly anyone can own a roundabout, or even a coconut shy, unless he is a member of the Guild. And all are either showmen's sons or connected by marriage with the industry.

POWERFUL GUILD.

For administration, the country is divided into districts, under divisional committees. Though all-powerful, these governing bodies are anything but dictators. They are, indeed, an object-lesson in just and equitable distribution of opportunities. "To each man his due," is the guiding principle, and the fairs, wakes, or whatever the occasion may be, are distributed among proprietors according to the capital they have invested.

Squabbles there may be. One man may poach on another's preserves. Along come representatives from the district committee to investigate the complaint. And judgment is dispensed with the wisdom of Solomon. But, as also with Solomon, there is no appeal from the decision.

If a man, disgruntled at the settlement, defies the committee's ruling, his associates will so completely boycott him as to drive him right out of business.

Town councils, recognising the extraordinary power of the Guild, will seldom lease ground to any but the Guild's bona fide members.

Fellow members may refuse even to sub-let a portion of their own spare ground to an ostracised showman, and makers of showmen's equipment decline to supply him.

Financially, the trade union is as sound as the Bank of England. Its assets are enormous. Every roundabout proprietor contributes five guineas a year. For the privilege of grinding out songs on the organ there is a further two guineas to cover copyright dues. The fellow with a helter-skelter pays two guineas, a stall-holder one.

A "ROYAL" HOME.

A chief showman is specially assessed. Some of them have expensive tastes. I know one who lives surrounded by a magnificent mass of road-van luxury of brass adornments and mahogany carvings. It had cost him £1,000. But then, this show chief had bought a royal railway coach for a home.

All the same, showmen have to watch their step these days. The public demands new thrills, or cinema receipts go up and fair-ground takings go down.

JOHN FLEETWOOD.

It seems to be Monday



They certainly can pick 'em in Hollywood—

**BUT IT'S
HARD WORK**

Says CALL BOY



BRENDA JOYCE

To anyone who has given the matter any thought it must be obvious that casting is one of the most difficult jobs that any producer of motion pictures has to face. For no matter how excellent the equipment, how good the technicians, how popular the story, the final test of whether the film is to be a success or not rests with the actors and actresses.

Nowadays, the task of casting a picture is simplified by the fact that many players "specialise" in a certain type of part. For instance, although it is an extreme example, Jack Oakie always plays a comedian part. Who would ever dream of casting Jack Oakie as a cold, ruthless villain? Or who would think of casting tough-guy Victor McLaglen as a romantic lead, Monty Woolley as a jitterbug, Laird Cregar as a gigolo? No, all these actors are more or less "typed," and nearly always play their own special characterisations.

But apart from these "typed" players there are roles to be filled which require certain talents which only a few actors or actresses possess.

For instance, 20th Century-Fox, who are producing "Jane Eyre," from Charlotte Brontë's novel, were looking for a young but popular actor with a dynamic personality and sufficient dramatic power to portray the difficult role of Edward Rochester. There was only one actor in Hollywood with necessary qualifications — Orson Welles. Again, in the same film, there was only one natural choice for the title role, that of Jane Eyre. Joan Fontaine, shown on the right, was the choice.

PLEASANT, YES—GLAMOUR, NO.

Even that form of casting is easy compared with some roles. One role that caused the studio more headaches than practically any other was that of "Fern," in "The Rains Came." "Fern" had to be a pleasant featured — but not glamorous — girl, who could be described as a "typical American." Scores of hopefuls were tested — and turned down by producer Darryl F. Zanuck. None of them had every feature that the role demanded. The whole picture was held up while screen tests, using thousands of

P.O. FRED CROSSLEY

Listening?

YOUR SON'S BEEN

MADE A

(RABBIT) WARREN-T

OFFICER!



WHEN P. Officer Fred Crossley, aged 28, arrives at his home in Charles Cres., in the mining village of Armthorpe, near Doncaster, he will find he has three more mouths to feed — Mickey, Peter and Judy. For "Young Fred," his bright two-year-old son recently decided he would like to keep rabbits, and was not content until granddad built him a lean-to hut at the back, and now he makes such big pets of them that, despite war-time rationing, they may soon have a tendency to be overfed.

But Fred does not neglect Rex, the little fawn terrier, and plays for hours with him when he is back at home from the daily nursery, where he is a great favourite. Fred lives at a very busy home. His mother, Margaret, who sends all her love to big Fred, is doing well on the electrical staff at a factory; granddad works in the nearby pit, and now grandma has taken a job — him a lean-to hut at the back, looking after the bar at the village pub, the "Plough," where she is nightly inundated with questions of "How's Fred?" and "When will he be having a pint with us again?"

feet of film, were made to select the actress. It was almost by chance that Zanuck was shown a test of Brenda Joyce (on the left). From then on his worries were solved. Brenda Joyce was perfect.

Another casting that worried the studio for some time was the part of Ida Lupino's lover in "The Light of Heart." After casting round and testing a number of young actors the studio chose Cornel Wilde — but Miss Lupino, being one of the studio's biggest stars, had a right to choose her leading man; would she approve of Wilde? It so happened that she had seen his performance in "Manila Calling," and wholeheartedly endorsed the studio's choice.

With the selection of Jennifer Jones, a young and unknown actress, to play the lead in "The Song of Bernadette," the studio ended a series of tests in which nearly every young actress in Hollywood participated.

This role was the most coveted since Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With The Wind," and so important was it that Fox conducted a coast-to-coast talent search right across America to find the right player.

Yes, indeed, the weight of the responsibility of casting a film weighs heavily upon a direc-



JOAN FONTAINE

tor's shoulders. For just as a right choice will make a film, so the wrong choice will mar a film — sometimes completely — and if that is the case, thousands and thousands of pounds will be wasted. No wonder the Hollywood studios take so much care in casting their films!

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—84

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after RIVERSA, to make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters of OVER CIVIL to make a film and stage star.

3. Change CORN into CROP, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration.

Change in the same way: TEA into BUN, GLOW into WORM, WASP into NEST.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from HORTICULTURAL?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 83

1. ONION.
2. BASINGSTOKE.
3. DAILY, DALLY, SALLY, SALTY, SALT'S, SALES, PALES, PALER, PAPER, WIND, BIND, BEND, BENT, SENT, SEAT, SLAT, SLOT, BLOT, BLOW, HAND, HIND, HINT, HIST, FIST, HEEL, HELL, DELL, DOLL, DOLE, DOPE, TOPE, TOPS, TOES.
4. Harp, Cord, Carp, Shop, Chop, Shod, Hoar, Hard, Rich, Pair, Paid, Chip, Ship, Drop, Drip, etc.
Choir, Chord, Sharp, Shard, Chars, Chair, Roach, Paris, Parch, Scrap, Ichor, Harsh, Orris, Chips, etc.

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together; for instance, "Ducks and Drakes," etc.

- (a) GOT A RABBIT, GAL? MUM.
(b) PET CUR SNIFFS

(Answers on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. What is a pterop?
2. Who wrote (a) "Sinister Street," (b) "Magnolia Street"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Cochineal, Crimson Lake, Ruby, Emerald, Port, Vin Rouge?
4. What is a gomben man?
5. Where is John o' Groat's House?
6. What is a ryot?
7. What is meant by propination?
8. What is the common name of the rowan tree?
9. Who was Beetle?
10. What is sisal?
11. In what year did Lady Godiva ride through Coventry?
12. What is a rypeck?

Answers to Quiz in No. 121

1. A frog or toad; also a small field.
2. (a) Sir Walter Scott; (b) Gilbert and Sullivan.
3. Mouse; the others are all domesticated and useful.
4. A leg of mutton.
5. Portugal.
6. A cripple.
7. Threatening.
8. The broad-leaved garlic.
9. "Cow-chew," S. American Indian name for rubber.
10. Twelve.
11. 1909.
12. A golf club.

Continuing the Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, R. L. Stevenson tells of— THE MAN WITH THE EVIL FACE

"I SEE you feel as I do," said Mr. Enfield. "Yes, it's a bad story. For my man was a fellow that nobody could have to do with, a really damnable man; and the person that drew the cheque is the very pink of the proprieties, celebrated, too, and (what makes it worse) one of your fellows who do what they call good."

"Blackmail, I suppose; an honest man paying through the nose for some of the capers of his youth. Blackmail House is what I call that place with the door, in consequence. Though even that, you know, is far from explaining all," he added; and with the words fell into a vein of musing.

From this he was recalled by Mr. Utterson asking rather suddenly: "And you don't know if the drawer of the cheque lives there?"

"A likely place, isn't it?" returned Mr. Enfield; but I happen to have noticed his address; he lives in some square or other."

"And you never asked about the place with the door?" said Mr. Utterson.

"No, sir; I had a delicacy," was the reply. "I feel very strongly about putting questions; it partakes too much of the style of the day of judgment. You start a question, and it's like starting a stone. You sit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others; and presently some bland old bird (the last you would have thought of) is knocked on the head in his own back garden, and the family have to change their name. No, sir, I make it a rule of mine: the more it looks like Queer Street, the less I ask."

"And a very good rule, too," said the lawyer.

"But I have studied the place for myself," continued Mr. Enfield. "It seems scarcely a house. There is no other door, and nobody goes in or out of that one, but, once in a great while, the gentleman of my adventure. There are three

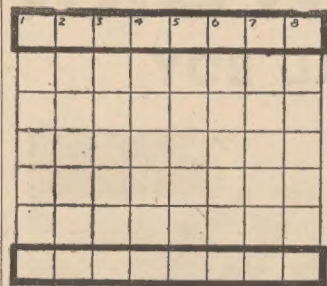
windows looking on the court on the first floor; none below; the windows are always shut, but they're clean. And then there is a chimney, which is generally smoking; so somebody must live there. And yet it's not so sure; for the buildings are so packed together about that court that it's hard to say where one ends and another begins."

The pair walked on again for a while in silence; and then—"Enfield," said Mr. Utterson, "that's a good rule of yours."

"Yes, I think it is," returned Enfield.

"But for all that," continued the lawyer, "there's one point I want to ask: I want to ask the name of that man who walked over the child."

"Well," said Mr. Enfield,



When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues, the top and bottom lines will give you the names of two European capitals. Here are the clues:—

1. With U B on the end, this completes a well-known strip character.
2. L A R completes this word, which means without glands.
3. — Oil.
4. Zulu soldier.
5. To hold again.
6. Quantitative value.
7. Everyone has their own.
8. Highest peak.

(Solution to-morrow)

"I can't see what harm it would do. It was a man of the name of Hyde."

"H'm," said Mr. Utterson. "What sort of a man is he to see?"

"He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, something downright detestable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why. He must be deformed somewhere; he gives a strong feeling of deformity, although I couldn't specify the point. He's an extraordinary-looking man, and yet I really can name nothing out of the way. No, sir; I can make no hand of it; I can't describe him. And it's not want of memory; for I declare I can see him this moment."

Mr. Utterson again walked some way in silence, and obviously under a weight of consideration. "You are sure he used a key?" he inquired at last.

"My dear sir..." began Enfield, surprised out of himself.

"Yes, I know," said Utterson. "I know it must seem strange. The fact is, if I do not ask you the name of the other party it is because I know it already. You see, Richard, your tale has gone home. If you have been inexact in any point you had better correct it."

"I think you might have warned me," returned the other, with a touch of sullenness.

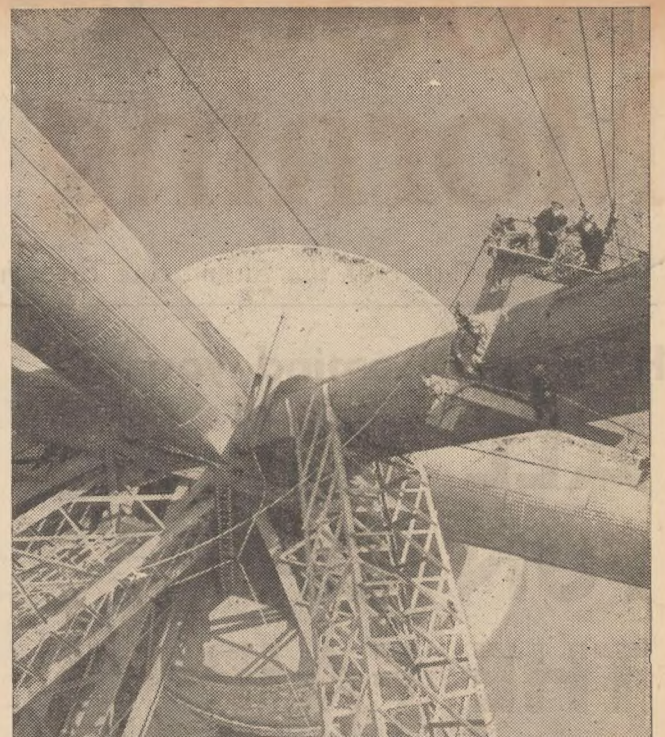
"But I have been pedantically exact, as you call it. The fellow had a key; and, what's more, he has it still. I saw him use it, not a week ago."

Mr. Utterson sighed deeply, but said never a word; and the young man presently resumed.

"Here is another lesson to say nothing," said he. "I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again."

"With all my heart," said the lawyer. "I shake hands on that, Richard."

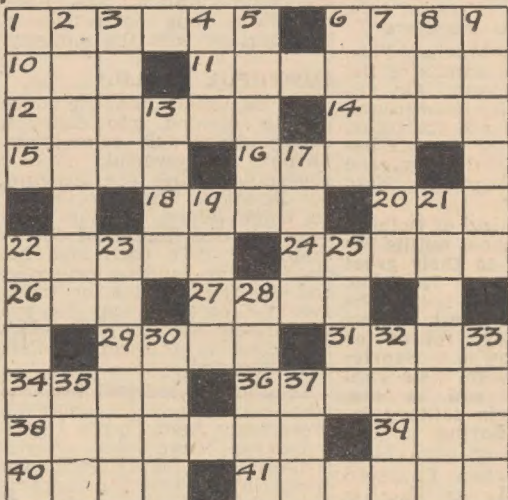
(To be continued)



TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ

Engineering is always fascinating. This picture has a peculiar angle. Almost looks like—a Giant Telescope, World-famous Oil Pipe Line being repaired, Painting the Forth Bridge, World's Largest Floating Crane, or Part of the Shannon Electric Installation. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 121: Prairie Marmot.

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.**
- 1 Ape.
 - 6 Kitchen herb
 - 10 Past.
 - 11 One who clarifies.
 - 12 Part of foot.
 - 14 Tree.
 - 15 Proboscis.
 - 16 Minute portion.
 - 18 Playing marble.
 - 20 Behave.
 - 22 Verse rhythm.
 - 24 Forms of medicine.
 - 26 Bother.
 - 27 Between the sheets.
 - 29 Open.
 - 31 Extol.
 - 34 Agreeable.
 - 36 Discussion list.
 - 38 Chitteration.
 - 39 Free from deduction.
 - 40 Portable shelter.
 - 41 Ten years.

- CLUES DOWN.**
- 1 Profit.
 - 2 Refused to heed.
 - 3 Protuberance.
 - 4 Mineral.
 - 5 Indian state.
 - 6 Fodder pit.
 - 7 Beast.
 - 8 Precious stone.
 - 9 Builds.
 - 13 Lacerate.
 - 17 Sample.
 - 19 Metal.
 - 21 Darkened.
 - 22 Thing that attracts.
 - 23 Large billed bird.
 - 25 Indolent.
 - 28 Thin plank.
 - 30 Insect's home.
 - 32 Sixteenth of rupee.
 - 33 Fruit.
 - 35 Anger.
 - 37 Go faster.

BATH HUMANS
ECHOLON LOT
ACID DIVIDE
MUNGO SIC R
S EUROPEAN
PEP TUNE S
ARABLE RASH
S RAIDS CUE
THORN LAURA
OIL EXULTED
REEKS MEED

To-day's Brains Trust

A ROYAL Academician, a Musical Conductor, a Professor of English Literature, and a Philosopher, are discussing the question:—

What do we mean by "greatness" in art, poetry and music? Why is Beethoven considered a greater composer than Cole Porter, and Raphael a greater painter than a modern magazine illustrator?

Philosopher: "It is certainly not easy to define greatness in art, but it is possible to point to one or two things which it is not, but which are often mistaken for it. For instance, cleverness is not the same thing as greatness, and an artist with the greatest possible skill in using paint and brushes might be very far from 'great.'"

Professor: "I think the greatness lies in an appeal to certain deep-seated feelings in human beings, but that since no two men are alike, it must appeal to those feelings which all—or nearly all—men are agreed signify vital truths about their existence."

"Let me make myself clear by an example. I think most men are agreed that the emotion of love is vital to the well-being of mankind. Any work of art, therefore, which generates in them this emotion is entitled to be called 'great.'"

Philosopher: "But in that case you would have to hold

that if the human race were exterminated to-morrow, all the great works of art which remained would suddenly cease to be great, because they would lose their power to generate any emotions. In other words, you do not hold that a work of art can be great in itself, but only in relation to its effect upon men."

Professor: "Certainly. When we look at a picture, we only know what we feel. A picture

is a great picture to me because it arouses noble feelings in my mind. For the same reason I say that sugar is sweet, because it gives me a sensation of sweetness when I taste it. It is silly to say that sugar is sweet by itself."

Philosopher: "You mean, then, that when I say that sugar is sweet, I am not really making any statement about the sugar, but only about myself?"

Professor: "Precisely. But I do not mean that one man's taste is as good as another's. I

think the final judgment should go by majority vote."

Philosopher: "But if your judgment refers to your own feelings only, it means that when you say that a picture is great, what you really mean is that your own feelings are great, and when you appreciate great music you are really appreciating yourself!"

Academician: "I disagree

entirely with the Professor. I KNOW that when I say a picture is great I mean to say something about the picture, quite apart from my own feelings. I will even grant that a picture may be great which has no special appeal for me, personally, at all."

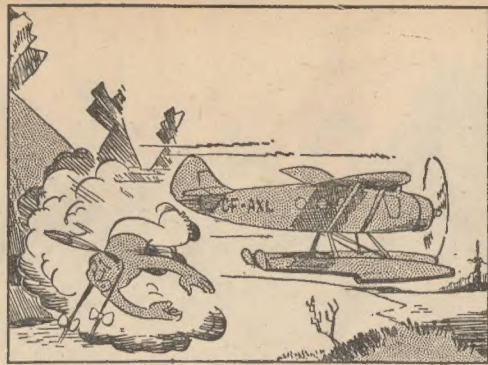
Professor: "But I add another condition. You and I may

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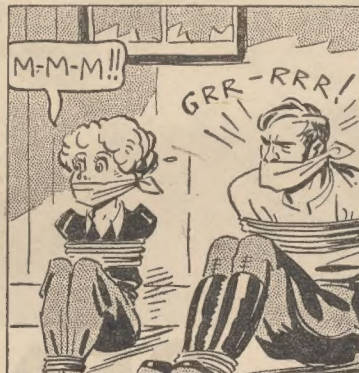
JANE



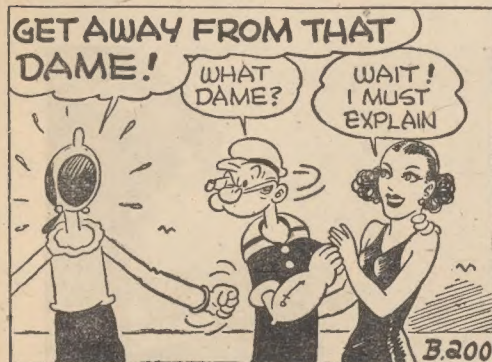
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



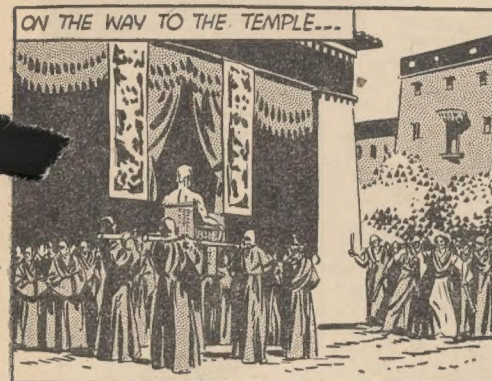
Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



Dog Stealers at work

By MARTIN THORNHILL

A FANCY for whippets and an interest in crime sometimes go together. Policemen often are whippet-owners, so what more natural than that their love of sport should help in tracking down dog thieves?

It used to be badly bred dogs that were stolen. Any mongrel would fetch a price in the vivisection market, but the law has cracked down on the sale of dogs for that purpose. Now it's the thoroughbreds that matter, and modern dog thieves are experts on breeds and points.

Besides, muscling-in on the select dog markets is a less dangerous business than housebreaking. Dog stealers study the habits of the owner of a valuable dog. Where and when does he exercise his dog? Parks and open spaces are the happiest hunting grounds.

Few dogs get quite as much food and freedom as they would like, and a tempting titbit, treated with a wily whiff of irresistible extract, is usually quite enough to entice the victim into realms that seem to promise greater liberty and plenty.

LEFT IN THE CAR.

When motoring was everybody's pastime, a fruitful source of good material for up-to-date dog stealers was the family car. The car jaunts of their owners were often the jaunts of valuable coursing hounds, prize dogs, thoroughbred pets and £10 Pekes. When the car had to be left, who would dare to steal it with Chou-Chou in charge?

Sure enough, nobody did steal the car. But somebody made off with Chou-Chou—generally with the same unflinching bait.

Innumerable thefts did not seem to stop dog owners from taking their animals out for drives. Instead, men tried all sorts of dodges, more wishful than workmanlike, in an effort to foil the thieves. One was a contraption which sounded the horn when the dog pulled at his lead. But the wheeze was off when hopeful owners were kept continually on the hop by perambulating cats, dogs, tramps, and what not.

If stealing is comparatively simple, selling the proceeds is more difficult. Often a dog is dyed and sent to a receiver in another part of the country.

An animal may be stolen for stud purposes. After he has served his use he is turned out, which is one reason why you see many obviously well-bred, even valuable, animals in dogs' homes.

Identification of stolen dogs is not easy. But when the whereabouts of a certain fugitive is suspected, "Solomon's Test" is useful in bringing owner and pet together again.

You've heard of Club Row, East London's Sunday market? Many a lost pet has been identified when a police-escorted owner has paraded down its long ranks of disguised dogs and cats, with their parrot, canary and rabbit neighbours.

If the truant is there, very seldom does he fail to recognise his master or mistress.

Crooks are continually altering their methods, and dog thieves are no exception. One has to be constantly on the look-out for them. One that is used a good deal now that petrol is scarce is to use a bicycle, entice an animal whose master is off his guard, and pop him "in the bag," or box.

BUSINESS FALLS OFF.

Another branch of the business is forging pedigrees. It doesn't go very well in England. The Kennel Club and other authorities controlling the higher departments of the dog world in Britain are too strict. But with its general laxness and less rigid quarantine regulations, the Continent in normal times used to offer a profitable market for stolen dogs.

But the Continental market has been closed for years, and with to-day's restrictions on shows and racing, and far fewer facilities for breeding, dog thieving has, for the time being, fallen to a low level.

Sid Field says—

THE manager of an hotel I stayed in recently looked very gloomy one morning.

When I asked him what was the matter, he said, "Most of the people who stay here seem to regard our spoons and forks as a sort of medicine—to be taken after meals."

TO-DAY'S BRAINS TRUST

Continued from Page 2.
be peculiar. I hold that in order to be great the picture must make its appeal to the majority of intelligent men; and the same with music and all other works of art."

Conductor: "But that would mean that Beethoven is a lesser man than a composer of jazz, because he has not a majority vote. Beethoven's claim to be a great composer does not rest on such grounds at all. I think it

rests on the fact that men who have studied music and learnt to appreciate all kinds, have felt something far more significant in Beethoven's music than in jazz."

Professor: "Significant of what?"

Conductor: "Not, as you suggest, significant of human well-being, as such, but significant of the universe—significant of all existence. I think we see in great art some attribute of God

Himself, or some quality which belongs to that plane."

Philosopher: "My view is similar. I think that great art exhibits certain ultimate values which we—after very little training in most cases—recognise by intuition. Clever or skilled work in painting or music may not exhibit such values, and then the utmost we can say for it is that it is brilliant, or very realistic, or incredibly well done. But a few strokes from the brush of a master, or some simple melody from a

truly great composer, may give us at once a deep emotional insight into the ultimate mystery of existence."

Professor: "I should have added another condition to my definition of greatness, and that is its ability to outlast many generations."

"It is certainly not enough to get a majority vote, but if you simply get a GOOD vote, which lasts for many centuries, then you have something rightly to be called great. This, I think, heads

off the Conductor's criticism about Beethoven and jazz."

Philosopher: "But it still will not do. It still means that the attribute of greatness is being applied to feelings in human beings, and not to the works of art themselves. The question then arises, what do we mean when we call these feelings 'great'? You haven't solved the problem; you have only shifted it on to something else."

Academician: "I am perfectly certain that a great picture is great by virtue of some

quality in itself, and that it would not cease to be a great work of art if nobody ever troubled to look at it at all."

Answers to Mixed Doubles.

- (a) RAGTAG & BOBTAIL.
(b) MUFFINS & CRUMPETS.

The woman that deliberates is lost.
Joseph Addison
(1672-1719)

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

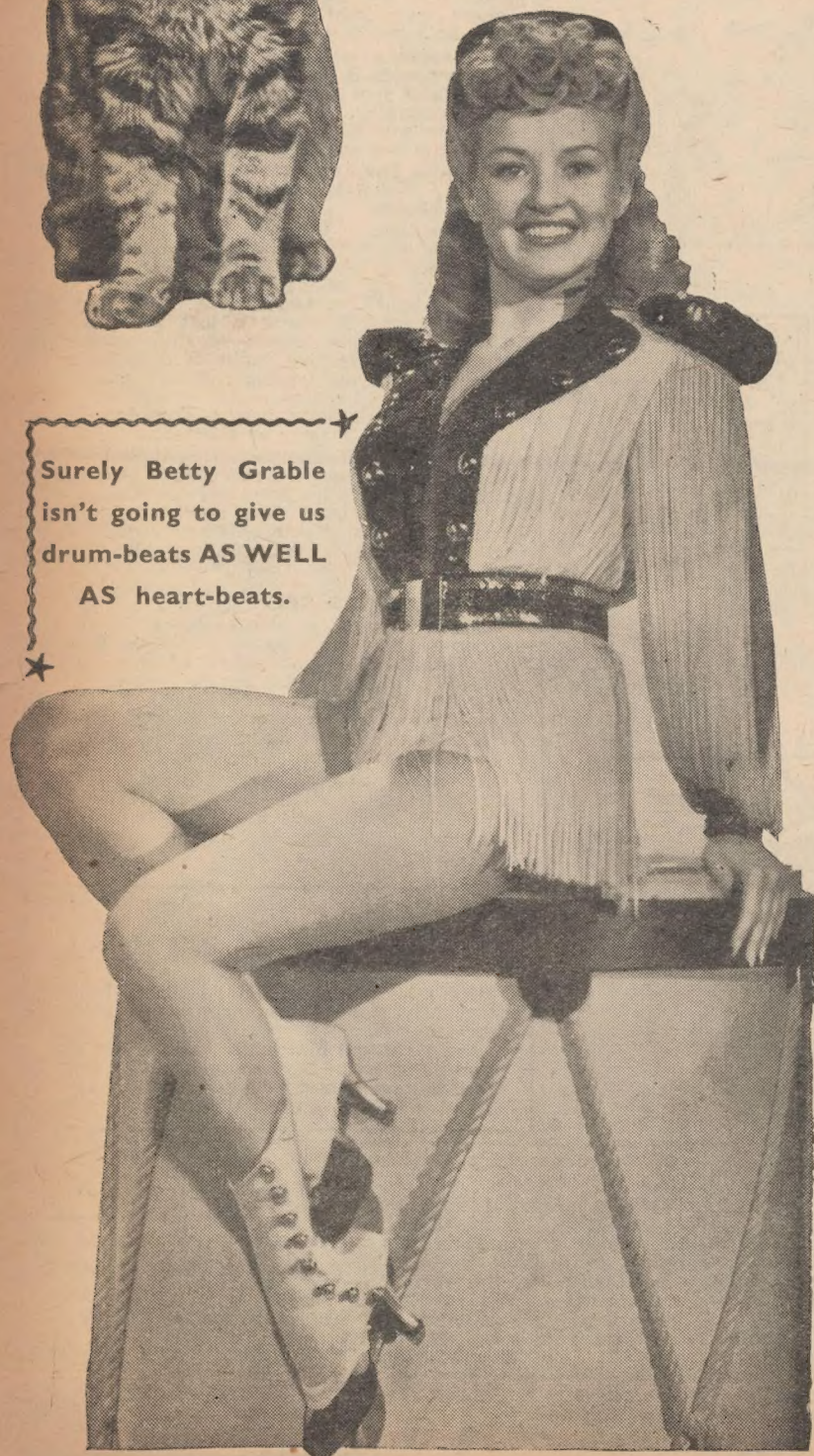
"You are now
listening to the
only singing cat
in the world"



Surely Betty Grable
isn't going to give us
drum-beats AS WELL
AS heart-beats.



BEAUTY and the BEAST



This England

Just to prove that
the road hog hadn't
put a dust screen
over the whole
country, we take you to a quiet village in Gloucestershire.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS

"I could bell its belle
cats beautifully"

